A TRUE HISTORY

—OF—

ADAM POE, INDIAN SPY, WHO KILLED BIG FOOT.

THE THREE BRAVE INDIAN SPIES, JOHN CHERRY, ANDREW and ADAM POE.

Who Wiped out Big Foot and His Two Brothers, Styled Sons of the Half King.

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OF THE THREE BRAVE INDIAN SPIES, JOHN CHERRY, ANDREW AND ADAM POE,

WHO WIPED OUT BIG FOOT AND HIS TWO BROTHERS, STYLED SONS OF THE HALF KING,

ONE BEING WITH BIG FOOT AND THE OTHER HAVING CHARGE OF PHILIP JACKSON, THE PRISONER. THE OTHER INDIANS WERE PICKED BRAVES OUT OF THE WYANDOT NATION.

Geo. Jacob Poe came to this country in 1746, from the River Rhine, Prussia, and bought land in Maryland, on the Antietam river, near the place where Gen. McClelland and his armies so gallantly fought. Here he built flour-

ing mills. Under King George's rule of the colonies it was customary for emigrants on the other side of the Atlantic ocean to agree with the ship's captain to sell their time, when arriving in this country, for their passage. The city of Baltimore was his market for the product of his mills. On one of his trips to the city, he bought the time of an Irishman and his wife, they being entirely subject to the purchaser's orders and plans of work they were called upon to perform. Every time the Irishman could get at whisky he would get drunk and abuse his wife. The old German was of the same opinion as the writer, that any man who would whip his wife ought to be horsewhipped. Poe, being a powerful man in strength, took a switch and, it is said, gave him a complete whipping. Poe having his own teams to do his transportation, and the Irishman being one of the drivers, the latter managed to get his wagon loaded first, and while loading had concealed a rifle in his wagon, with which he shot Poe as the latter passed his team. When the other teams came up they found Poe dead in the road, and the Irishman gone. He had made good his escape, never to be heard of afterwards.

Poe, being a widower at the time of his death, under the English law that ruled the colonies, the whole estate fell into George's hands, he being the oldest son. Poe having four children. The others were named as follows: Andrew, Kate, and Adam—the writer's grandfather. Some time after the estate fell into George's hands, Andrew thought George was getting a little despotic, and concluded to go to the frontier. He heard of a settlement West of the Allegheny mountains, in the forks of the Yough, now known as the Youghigheny. The settlement was located between West Newton, on the Yough, and the town of Elizabeth, on the Monongahela river, now in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania.

Andrew had to pack his knapsack with several days provisions to reach the desired location, where he got work at once and worked for some time helping the settlers to clear up their lands, and after a time, went back and brought Adam and Kate west. He apprenticed Adam to a German shoe maker. Kate being of the original Poe build and make, and able to do any kind of work, also got employment. In this history will be seen the likeness of one of her grandsons, Isaac Miller.

After Andrew separated the family it was never united again. After Andrew had Kate and Adam in good houses, the war with England broke out, and he enlisted with the Rebels to fight against King George. His son George, whose likeness will be seen in this history, resembled his father, Andrew, while the other son, Adam, favored his mother. He could not remember the name of the general or the battles his father had been engaged in.

Andrew worked in the settlement with the farmers, clearing the lands till the war broke out with England, and as he certainly had no sympathy with the English laws in making one out of a family rich and leaving the balance subject to the Human Lord, he enlisted with the Rebels. His son George could not tell the General he fought under nor in what battle his father was made ensign bearer on account of his size and bearing. In one of the close contested battles a soldier was shot dead near by him. He threw down the colors, took his gun and accoutrements and fought through the engagement, came out of the battle unharmed, and would have been raised in the rank, but his language was too much German. Edward Cherry, the first settler of Washington county was shot at his own spring and scalped by the Indians. He was of English descent Fort Cherry was built in 1774 by Edward Cherry, John McCarty, and Wm. Rankin. Those parties ventured across the Monongahela river from the Red Stone settlement near where, Brownsville was afterward built.

Andrew had eight daughters, intelligent and thought to be handsome. The

writer saw several of them before they were married. Andrew Poe used very strict discipline in his family. My father, Thomas Poe, says he visited his uncle Andrew, and that he kept all quiet in his home. If his girls wished to have any sport they had to go outside of the house.

Adam and Andrew Poe were about the same size and make—six feet high, and weighed 190 pounds. Andrew Poe never struck but one man, Wm. McMillon, whom the writer knew for several years in his boyhood. The father of Capt. John McMillon, who invented, or put in use, the patent capston, told his daughter Jane, who died in the last year while tending store for David Bruce in Burgettstown, Washington county, Pa., that Andrew Poe was in the store telling a man about the fight with Big Foot, when another man walked up to the parties and said it was all a d——d lie. Andrew struck him one lick, which knocked him out into the street. As Burgettstown was built on a sidling grade, and several steps from the ground to the door of the store, he cleared them all and lay prostrated in the street. Andrew said "take that," and went on with his conversation as if nothing had happened. My father, Thomas Poe, said his father nor Andrew would never say one word about the fight with the Indians, except after they had been drinking a little "gin and tansy." It was common for every body to drink in those days. George Poe has been heard to tell that when his sister Polly was buried, and when the funeral cortege was mounted ready to start for the cemetery, their pastor, the Rev. George Scott, carried a hot stew of whisky, and treated all the party before starting, it being a very cold day and a long distance to go. There is no doubt but what this was the kind of whisky Abe Lincoln would like to have bought for his generals when it got into the newspapers that Gen. Grant was drunk at the time of the great disaster to our army at Pittsburg Landing.

Since I began this history I have been in correspondence with the Hon Wm. Farrer, who was raised near Fort Cherry, Washington county. His brother now occupies a farm adjoining the Cherry farm, where the remains of one of the three dwellings can be seen. I will have in my history a perfect drawing of the house, before it blew down. The Stockade enclosing the houses also took in a grand spring, the largest flow of water coming out of the earth in the county, and near the top of the slope from the creek the Fort stood on the grandest location that could be found in Washington county, from which could be seen the approach of an enemy by three different points, and by going to the second story could see any enemy approaching from all directions, as the dwelling was a story and one-half high. The chinking was eight by five inches, and the logs hewed so they could be jointed. The Hon. Wm. Cherry, nephew to John, who fired the first shot at Tomlinson's Run, W. Va., gave me leave to take a chink out, and it was a difficult job, as the house was built proof against the warfare of the day when built.

Soon after the Fort was built Gen. George Washington came over the river to the settlement and brought with him Col. Crawford, who surveyed thirteen hundred acres of land adjoining the farms of the builders of the Fort. Crawford who was afterward burnt on the Sandusky Plains, by the Wyandot Indians. The reader can see now how the county got its name, the Fort was built on Grand Lookout, six miles South-east of Burgettstown, Washington county. On the headwaters of Little Raccoon could be seen the approach of an enemy from the ground from three sides, and also the fourth from the rear of the second story, and the stockade surrounding the three dwellings inclosed the largest flow of water of any spring in the county, it contained three dwellings, a story and one-half high, perfectly hewd and put together bullet proof against rifle shot. The true sketch of one of the dwellings enclosed by the stockade as here represented was kept roofed by the Cherries for a chicken house, the premises still in the ownership of the Cherries.

I will now tell the reader something about my grandfather. He and Col. David Williamson, prominent in history, were great friends at the time of the Indian war, and through his influence he got his commission to be the Captain of the Fort at the mouth of big Yel-

lowcreek, Jefferson county, Ohio. Father had his papers and commission, and as before stated got them burnt up, and I am sorry, for I suppose chosen by Wilmingson, as he called one of my uncles David Wilmingson. who was well to do in this world's goods had flouring mills on Brooklyn Center, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, went to Nebraska a good many years since to hunt after mill seats, with his son Jackson, and got caught out in a desperate snow storm, and afterward had their legs sawed off with a carpenter's hand saw, which resulted in their death. My mother had their bodies brought home to Brooklyn Center. At this writing their bodies have mouldered to dust, silently waiting the resurrection morn, when their souls and bodies will be united. My father, Thomas Poe, took it so hard that he never enjoyed life or health afterward. Adam, Williamson, and Davidson, who were about my own age, but better acquainted with my grandfather's after life, told me that my grandfather was an exception to the general rule of men. My grandmother was an Irish woman, full of vim, could get mad quick, but was kindhearted, and would scold much. Grandfather would never get out of humor, but would say to her, "Betsy, your Irish blood is rising again." Father said his father never used profane language in his life, that he knew of, being a believer in John Wesley doctrine, and said to be a great friend to the Rev. Daniel Poe, who will be noticed in this history, and who shot four Indians in mouth of Tomlinson's run, W. Va., when he was going to the State of Texas, starting his moving in a canal boat from Bolivar to Portsmouth. While the boat was laying at Boliver, the gun was stolen, and at the time of the World's fair at Philadelphia, some parties wished to send it for exhibition. The old man who was in possession asked such a fabulous price for it that it was not sent. One of grandfather's great-grand-sons gave me this information. The gun was in his neighborhood, six miles west of Massillon, where grandfather's dust lies, and where his remarkable death occurred. He had two daughters and eight sons, all having families but one, who died in manhood. His descendants are very much scattered about through the United States. In the year 1840, when General Harrison was stumping the state of Ohio for President against ——— he spoke in a grove. Adam Poe was called on to be present. The meeting was held in a grove in the edge of town, and Gen. Harrison seated grandfather on an easy chair, and after the speech was finished Gen. Harrison mustered the audience in military style, and marched them past grandfather, and had them all pat their hands over his white head, he being 84 years of age, about six thousand people—male and female, young and old—in all.

Grandfather was a Jackson Democrat, and so was my father, and the writer also, am yet, but I vote with the Republicans, and am not ashamed to own my politics in any part of the Union. I had four brothers, who, since the rebellion, have voted the Democratic ticket, and I am still on this side of the dark river, and will vote as my conscience dictates, and say what I wish as long as I keep the law on my side. Grand father at that time was not used to the water, and the over kind treatment got at the hands of the people; took cholera morbus and lingered some time, he requested to see his only daughter then living, Sallie. She rode on horse back through the night, in a new country; he held on to life so as he could look on her countenance before he would leave the shores of time; he recognized her I suppose. Being t red waiting to see the idol of his heart, his eyes felt heavy; he just put his hands on his eyes and rubbed them shut, and the inner man flew away. I would not write this, but his grand-daughter-in-law was at his bed side, and gives me this information, an honored lady of the Presbyterian church. His daughter Lillie professed the New Birth in her girlhood near the town of New Lisbon, O., and in her long life she was not ashamed to pray and speak in public. She died in her 97th year, some two years since, in the triumph of the living faith in the Son of God. She left a very large family of children, grand-children, great-grand-children and possibly one generation further on. Her body lies in the cemetery at the town of Congress, Wayne county, O., and I have no doubt but

her spirit is with the one who went up through great tribulation.

PART SECOND.

Everybody was alarmed. General Irvine's despatch to George Washington says: Six Wyandot Indians were killed at Tomlinson's run out of seven. Andrew and Adam Poe and John Cherry done the principal fighting. Three of the party were sons of the Half King, and the other four were the picked braves of the Wyandot nation. I have never learned how the Great Chief of the Nation got the title except through Canada to excite the large Wyandot nation to wipe out the settlers on the Frontier. The parties who met on the Jackson farm to follow and rescue Jackson from the Indians had no General to obey. They all had a plan of their own to find the Indians, John Jack, who was scout and spy for the settlers, mounted his horse and said: "I know where their rafts will be; now all that wishes follow me." Andrew and Adam Poe, John Cherry, Wm. Castleman, Wm. Rankin, James Whitacre and John Jack made the seven men. This party wiped out the Indians, and returning to the fort met the parties hunting the trail. They had only made about seven miles, the trail being hard to find, as the Indians had traveled separate all night, whooping like owls to keep in line towards the river.

John Jack had not time to warn all the settlers to get to the fort. There had been indications of Indians from the river to the settlement, and it appeared to him direct from the mouth of Tomlinson's run, but the parties could not agree. The majority determined to follow their trail. John Jack mounted his horse, and called to the settlers, "I know where their rafts are, and what is to be done must be done quickly; if we undertake to follow their trail they will cross the river, and if caught on the river they may kill Jackson. Now all that wish can follow me." So he started, and only six men followed—Andrew and Adam Poe, William Castleman, John Cherry, William Rankin and James Whitacre. They started directly toward the mouth of Tomlinson's run.

They certainly rode like John to the top of the hill and tied their horses and took it on foot. Jackson and his son were pulling flax. The Indians called like turkeys. The son said to his father "I will go and kill a turkey." When he came back to the clearing he saw the Indians at the wood pile, standing around his father. He knew his father was their prisoner, so he crept back into the woods, and ran about nine miles to Fort Cherry, where the families stayed at night. It has been handed down that Jackson's was a great power on foot, and it is said that he made the quickest time ever accomplished on foot at that day. He arrived at the fort just about dusk. A dark cloud was rising in the west, and shortly after it began raining very hard. It rained all night, but that did not keep them (the settlers) from gathering together all their available forces, and they all met on the Jackson farm at the break of day, about 17 men in all. The settlers had a scout traveling between the Ohio river and the settlement, named John Jack.

They tied their horses and took it on foot down hill, the run making a deep hollow, and the land was level to the top of the hill, making a sharp cone between the run and the river. When they came to the river bottom they struck the Indians trail. The Run ran quartering up the river at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The small trail went straight across to the river, and the large trail towards the mouth of the Run. They stopped for a moment. Andrew Poe being the chief adviser took Rankin and Whitacre with him, and John Cherry, Wm. Castleman and John Jack, the scout, with Adam.

The Indians made Phillip Jackson, their prisoner, carry his tools all night, as he was a carpenter, (I suppose a broad ax and a falling ax were the tools, as they were about the only tools used by the early settlers.) The In-

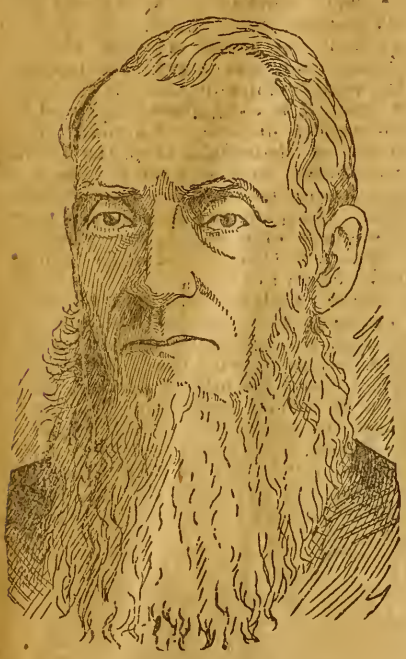
dians struck the river some distance below Tomlinson's Run. They followed the foot of the river hill to where the Run struck the river bottom, where the trail divided.

Adam and Cherry stayed close by each other, and when they came to the bank of the run they were careful in looking for a time, so as not to shoot Jackson, the prisoner. At this moment their scout came running up, saying that all was right, as the Indians had struck the river some distance below the run and followed the foot of River Hill up to the run, where the trail divided. When their scout hollowed that all was safe, John Cherry fired and killed one Indian, and Adam Poe also fired and killed another. Jackson was sitting on a log on the raft, telling the minor chief, who had him in charge, that he would build him a house when they got home to Sandusky. Jackson broke away, and ran across the whites. The chief followed him, and struck at his head with a tomahawk, the blow glancing, took effect under the shoulder blade, where the tomahawk stuck. He ran to Adam and asked him to pull it out, but he told him, in broken English, to go about his business. So Adam shot the other two, as he could load twice in less than one minute. Andrew Poe had come to the bank, where Big-foot and his brother were waiting for the parties having the prisoner in charge. When Andrew looked over the bank, Big Foot was lying down and his brother was working with his gun lock, which was out of working order, and which afterwards proved a lucky circumstance for the Poes. After Andrew saw them he stepped back to rub his hand against the brim of his hat. The report of John Cherry's gun brought both to their feet. Andrew at once drew his gun to shoot Big Foot, but in depressing his gun to take aim the priming dropped out. He again aimed at Bigfoot, but his gun did not act, and dropped his gun and jumped between them, threw his arms around their necks, and all three came to the ground. He held them for a little time and attempted to draw his shething knife. In raising his right shoulder the minor chief pulled his head out and was loose. Big Foot rolled over on his back and pulled Andrew on top of him, and directed his brother to tomahawk him. He came and was aiming to strike him on the head. Andrew had the full use of his feet, and a sharp eye on the tomahawk, and kicked it a good distance away. The Indian picked it up and came again, aiming at his head and struck, but Andrew threw up his left hand, the blow taking effect on his wrist, it stuck and he slung it a distance away. This second failure enraged Big Foot, and he used both hands and feet in pitching Andrew off. Andrew picked up Big Foot's gun and shot the minor chief through the belt. Then Andrew and Big Foot went into a regular pioneer battle, Big Foot striking awkwardly over-handed while Andrew struck under-handed. Finding his strokes telling on Big Foot he caught him by the breech-cloth, tripped him and pitched him into the river, and they were soon in deep water. Andrew caught him by the scalp-lock and put his head under water and thought him drowned, but when he let go Big Foot poped up like a cork and started for the shore. Andrew knew Big Foot would shoot him as soon as he got his gun, so he swam out into the river and hollowed for Adam.

(PART III.)

Adam came down the shore and a fallen tree top hid Big Foot from him. Andrew halloed: "there he is, shoot him." Quickly Big Foot got his own empty gun, as Andrew had just shot Big Foot's brother with it. Having to gather up his accoutrements, Adam got the start of him just as grandfather pulled the trigger. Big Foot dropped his gun, and understanding a surrender, made an attempt to throw up his hands. It has been handed down that Adam Poe was sorry till his death he had not made a prisoner of him. He had not time to think, the matter was all over so quick. After the battle was over they brought a horse from the top of the hill and tied John Cherry across its back with bark as it was at the time of year when barkwood peels. When they arrived

at the fort, John Cherry's face was as black as ink. He was a large man, 23 years of age, six foot tall, weighing 200 pounds, and was said by the old inhabitants to be the handsomest man ever seen at that time. Andrew did not wish to scare the par-



(Portrait of Adam Poe.)

ties at the fort, made the party alight who was riding behind him when they came in sight of Fort Cherry.' John Cherry, it is handed down by two generations dead who knew him personally, says he was the handsomest man they ever saw. John Montgomery, who was married to Adam Poe's eldest grand-daughter, told me that his father, James Montgomery, told him John Cherry was the handsomest man he had ever seen. James Montgomery was one of the founders of the Presbyterian church, near Calcutta, in Columbiana county, Ohio. John, his grandson, was elected to fill the place of his father. With his grand-father, John is now resting in the cemetery joining the church.

Now will tell the reader something about the Indians. Scout and spy, Scottish, when Poe and Cherry fired on the Indians, broke away and ran up the river, and John, Jack and Castleman, who should have been at the front, saw him run, shot at him, one of the balls taking effect in his right hand. At the time he was carrying his gun in the hand which was hit, and he dropped it, and was found afterwards at the point where the river forms a half-circle at Tomlinson's run to the head of Baker's Island, one mile below Wellsville, Columbiana county, Ohio. He would certainly follow the foot of River hill to the Narrows, above the Island, which lies close to the Virginia shore. He could easily swim clear of the island and would of course be carried by the current against the Big Rock near Goff's building, where he could rest and look back to the mouth of Tomlinson's run where his comrades met their defeat. I have often thought of his thoughts when he arrived safely on Indian ground. I suppose they were like the story told of the Irishman who came to this country, and walking along a road adjoining a field, he espied a bovine paying the ground. He took a hearty laugh at the thought of playing a joke on him. He thought it would be good fun to climb the fence and catch his horns and jam his nose in the ground. The laugh came in first, as the bovine pitched him back over the fence faster than he came into the field. I have no doubt but the Indians had rejoiced at the capture of Phillip Jackson, as he could build wig-wams, and they could live like white people, and also tell them the situation of the settlement, as there is no doubt but they intended a raid in force, as this was immediately after Col. Crawford's defeat on the Sandusky Plains. Scottish traveled from the mouth of Yellow Creek to the Indian camp without gun or provisions, he subsisted on roots and herbs; when he came in calling distance of the camp he set up a strange cry or howl; the chiefs understood what it meant, and went to him; he was kept out of camp for several days, but all other prisoners were killed and scalped except George Fulks, from the family by that name in Columbiana county, Ohio, who was hid by a young Squaw. George stayed till the

Indian war was over when he came back to civilization, and located on a farm near Darlington, Beaver county, Pa. It was told me by reliable parties that two squaws came once a year to see George, and he done the white man's part by them, always got them what they could carry back to their forest home. The reader can judge the relationship. Andrew and Joseph Jackson interviewed Grandmother Elizabeth Jackson and Grandfather Joseph Jackson, who were about the first settlers in this neighborhood. Joseph was the first elected Elder on this side of the Monongahela river, and Grandmother baked the first bread broken in the country at the Lord's table in the Presbyterian church; they were living near Florence, now Washington Co. Grandmother held the settlement for baout twenty years, as doctress and midwife, would never fail in seeing her patients, night or day; she would face any storm or ford, or swelling stream, and many a narrow escape she was said to pass through for her life. Boys reading this history will observe in getting into deep water on horse back not to pull on the bridle only sideways as you can down a horse by pulling the rein with your little finger. Andrew is seventy-five and Joseph is eighty-one years old, honorable citizens; both live near Florence. I asked Andrew where his grandmother procured her medicines; he said any place she could find them in the forest. Elizabeth and Joseph Jackson's remains lie in the cemetery at Florence. Andrew Poe's remains lie at Mill Creek Presbyterian Church. Kate, his sisters remains is in Mahoning, county, Ohio. Grandfather Adam, with his wife Elizabeth, lies in a church cemetery 6 miles north of Massilon.

In about 1779 there was a man named Jacob Clark ventured over the river with his wife and two children at this place, Georgetown; his cabin was located where the Pittsburg & Cleveland depot now stands; the little girl was sent in the evening to bring the cow, but she soon came back telling them that she seen two men with feathers in their hair, so Clark took his rifle and went around in the hollow, there was two rifle shots; his wife called to him, and the Indians answered her; she did not like the sound of the voice; she was baking a corn loaf of bread, and tumbled it into her apron and took the youngest child in her arms, the elder followed, and took their canoe and crossed over to where the village of Georgetown is now located. The first settlers of any law, was people by the name of Dawson, and had located a graveyard of a beautiful situation; Clark was the first buried in it; he had had a hole shot in his forehead. The place not being properly marked it was dug up about sixty-eight years since. When I was a small boy while Andrew Poe was living there was a grave alongside of the road leading to Andrew Poe's residence. A marshy piece of ground said to contain the body of a man by the name of McDonald that the Indians had killed, and scraped a hole in the soft ground and sat him up erect, when found his scalp was missing. I passed the place some days since, where the grave was. there is a little grove of black berry bushes.

After Andrew Poe's death the farm was rented to parties who wished to utilize the ground. Captain Joseph Walton now owns the land, and if he knew about the matter I have no doubt but he would make the place as it ought to be cared for at this enlightened age. If he sees this history I have wrote and wishes to give about eight foot square to one of the first settlers, the writer can point him to every spot of ground.

GEORGETOWN, PA., May 3, 1887.—I was born in the village of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, O., Nov. 20, 1816. Have not as early recollection as parties I have known. When about five years old I recollect being put on a horse to ride behind my grandfather, Adam Poe, to Wayne county, O., but have no recollection of the journey, and I have no doubt but that I was well taken care of. I have been told by parties that I was his idol among my father's family. I can remember a few happenings of the year I lived with him, before my father moved out to the same place where the town of Congress now stands, in Wayne county, Ohio. Father built a house for his family out of small logs, and split flooring out of logs called puncheons, and hewed them so as to level the floor. When the heat of the summer set in we all took the

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The Indians made Phillip Jackson, their prisoner, carry his tools all night, as he was a carpenter, (I suppose a broad ax and a falling ax were the tools, as they were about the only tools used by the early settlers.) The In-

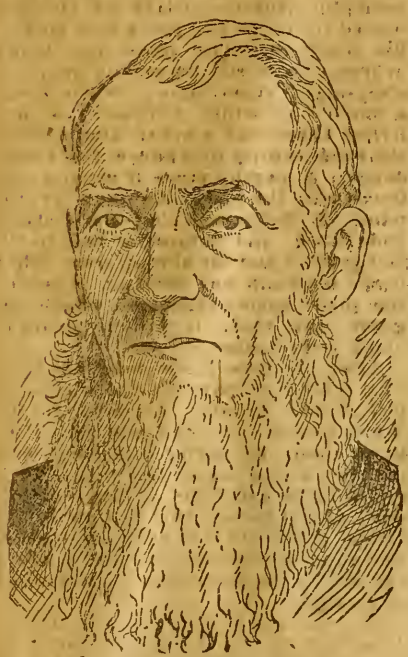
dians struck the river some distance below Tomlinson's Run. They followed the foot of the river hill to where the Run struck the river bottom, where the trail divided.

Adam and Cherry stayed close by each other, and when they came to the bank of the run they were careful in looking for a time, so as not to shoot Jackson, the prisoner. At this moment their scout came running up, saying that all was right, as the Indians had struck the river some distance below the run and followed the foot of River Hill up to the run, where the trail divided. When their scout hollowed that all was safe, John Cherry fired and killed one Indian, and Adam Poe also fired and killed another. Jackson was sitting on a log on the raft, telling the minor chief, who had him in charge, that he would build him a house when they got home to Sandusky. Jackson broke away, and ran across the whites. The chief followed him, and struck at his head with a tomahawk, the blow glancing, took effect under the shoulder blade, where the tomahawk stuck. He ran to Adam and asked him to pull it out, but he told him, in broken English, to go about his business. So Adam shot the other two, as he could load twice in less than one minute. Andrew Poe had come to the bank, where Big-foot and his brother were waiting for the parties having the prisoner in charge. When Andrew looked over the bank, Big Foot was lying down and his brother was working with his gun lock, which was out of working order, and which afterwards proved a lucky circumstance for the Poes. After Andrew saw them he stepped back to rub his flint against the brim of his hat. The report of John Cherry's gun brought both to their feet. Andrew at once drew his gun to shoot Big Foot, but in depressing his gun to take aim the priming dropped out. He again aimed at Bigfoot, but his gun did not act, and dropped his gun and jumped between them, threw his arms around their necks, and all three came to the ground He held them for a little time and attempted to draw his shething knife In raising his right shoulder the minor chief pulled his head out and was loose. Big Foot rolled over on his back and pulled Andrew on top of him, and directed his brother to tomahawk him. He came and was aiming to strike him on the head. Andrew had the full use of his feet, and a sharp eye on the tomahawk, and kicked it a good distance away. The Indian picked it up and came again, aiming at his head and struck, but Andrew threw up his left hand, the blow taking effect on his wrist, it stuck and he slung it a distance away This second failure enraged Big Foot, and he used both hands and feet in pitching Andrew off Andrew picked up Big Foot's gun and shot the minor chief through the belt. Then Andrew and Big Foot went into a regular pioneer battle, Big Foot striking awkwardly over-handed while Andrew struck under-handed. Finding his strokes telling on Big Foot he caught him by the breech-cloth, tripped him and pitched him into the river, and they were soon in deep water. Andrew caught him by the scalp-lock, and put his head under water and thought him drowned, but when he let go Big Foot poped up like a cork and started for the shore. Andrew knew Big Foot would shoot him as soon as he got his gun, so he swam out into the river and hollowed for Adam.

(PART III.)

Adam came down the shore and a fallen tree top hid Big Foot from him Andrew halloed: "there he is, shoot him." Quickly Big Foot got his own empty gun, as Andrew had just shot Big Foot's brother with it. Having to gather up his accoutrements, Adam got the start of him just as grandfather pulled the trigger. Big Foot dropped his gun, and understanding a surrender, made an attempt to throw up his hands. It has been handed down that Adam Poe was sorry till his death he had not made a prisoner of him. He had not time to think, the matter was all over so quick. After the battle was over they brought a horse from the top of the hill and tied John Cherry across its back with bark as it was at the time of year when barkwood peels. When they arrived

at the fort, John Cherry's face was as black as ink. He was a large man, 23 years of age, six foot tall, weighing 200 pounds, and was said by the old inhabitants to be the handsomest man ever seen at that time. Andrew did not wish to scare the par-



(Portrait of Adam Poe.)

ties at the fort, made the party alight who was riding behind him when they came in sight of Fort Cherry. John Cherry, it is handed down by two generations dead who knew him personally, says he was the handsomest man they ever saw. John Montgomery, who was married to Adam Poe's eldest grand-daughter, told me that his father, James Montgomery, told him John Cherry was the handsomest man he had ever seen. James Montgomery was one of the founders of the Presbyterian church, near Calcutta, in Columbiana county, Ohio. John, his grandson, was elected to fill the place of his father. With his grand-father, John is now resting in the cemetery joining the church.

Now will tell the reader something about the Indians. Scout and spy, Scottish, when Poe and Cherry fired on the Indians, broke away and ran up the river, and John, Jack and Castleman, who should have been at the front, saw him run, shot at him, one of the balls taking effect in his right hand. At the time he was carrying his gun in the hand which was hit, and he dropped it, and was found afterwards at the point where the river forms a half-circle at Tomlinson's run to the head of Baker's Island, one mile below Wellsville, Columbiana county, Ohio. He would certainly follow the foot of River hill to the Narrows, above the Island, which lies close to the Virginia shore. He could easily swim clear of the island and would of course be carried by the current against the Big Rock near Goff's building, where he could rest and look back to the mouth of Tomlinson's run where his comrades met their defeat. I have often thought of his thoughts when he arrived safely on Indian ground. I suppose they were like the story told of the Irishman who came to this country, and walking along a road adjoining a field, he espied a bovine pawing the ground. He took a hearty laugh at the thought of playing a joke on him. He thought it would be good fun to climb the fence and catch his horns and jam his nose in the ground. The laugh came in first, as the bovine pitched him back over the fence faster than he came into the field. I have no doubt but the Indians had rejoiced at the capture of Phillip Jackson, as he could build wig-wams, and they could live like white people, and also tell them the situation of the settlement, as there is no doubt but they intended a raid in force, as this was immediately after Col. Crawford's defeat on the Sandusky Plains. Scottish traveled from the mouth of Yellow Creek to the Indian camp without gun or provisions, he subsisted on roots and herbs; when he came in calling distance of the camp he set up a strange cry or howl; the chiefs understood what it meant, and went to him: he was kept out of camp for several days, but all other prisoners were killed and scalped except George Fulks, from the family by that name in Columbiana county, Ohio, who was hid by a young Squaw. George stayed till the

Indian war was over when he came back to civilization, and located on a farm near Darlington, Beaver county, Pa. It was told me by reliable parties that two squaws came once a year to see George, and he done the white man's part by them, always got them what they could carry back to their forest home. The reader can judge the relationship. Andrew and Joseph Jackson interviewed Grandmother Elizabeth Jackson and Grandfather Joseph Jackson, who were about the first settlers in this neighborhood. Joseph was the first elected Elder on this side of the Monongahela river, and Grandmother baked the first bread broken in the country at the Lord's table in the Presbyterian church; they were living near Florence, now Washington Co. Grandmother held the settlement for baout twenty years, as doctress and midwife, would never fail in seeing her patients, night or day; she would face any storm or ford, or swelling stream, and many a narrow escape she was said to pass through for her life. Boys reading this history will observe in getting into deep water on horse back not to pull on the bridle only sideways as you can down a horse by pulling the rein with your little finger. Andrew is seventy-five and Joseph is eighty-one years old, honorable citizens; both live near Florence. I asked Andrew where his grandmother procured her medicines; he said any place she could find them in the forest. Elizabeth and Joseph Jackson's remains lie in the cemetery at Florence. Andrew Poe's remains lie at Mill Creek Presbyterian Church. Kate, his sisters remains is in Mahoning, county, Ohio. Grandfather Adam, with his wife Elizabeth, lies in a church cemetery 6 miles north of Massilon.

In about 1779 there was a man named Jacob Clark ventured over the river with his wife and two children at this place, Georgetown; his cabin was located where the Pittsburg & Cleveland depot now stands; the little girl was sent in the evening to bring the cow, but she soon came back telling them that she seen two men with feathers in their hair, so Clark took his rifle and went around in the hollow, there was two rifle shots; his wife called to him, and the Indians answered her; she did not like the sound of the voice; she was baking a corn loaf of bread, and tumbled it into her apron and took the youngest child in her arms, the elder followed, and took their canoe and crossed over to where the village of Georgetown is now located. The first settlers of any law, was people by the name of Dawson, and had located a graveyard of a beautiful situation; Clark was the first buried in it; he had had a hole shot in his forehead. The place not being properly marked it was dug up about sixty-eight years since. When I was a small boy while Andrew Poe was living there was a grave alongside of the road leading to Andrew Poe's residence. A marshy piece of ground said to contain the body of a man by the name of McDonald that the Indians had killed, and scraped a hole in the soft ground and sat him up erect, when found his scalp was missing. I passed the place some days since, where the grave was. there is a little grove of black berry bushes.

After Andrew Poe's death the farm was rented to parties who wished to utilize the ground. Captain Joseph Walton now owns the land, and if he knew about the matter I have no doubt but he would make the place as it ought to be cared for at this enlightened age. If he sees this history I have wrote and wishes to give about eight foot square to one of the first settlers, the writer can point him to every spot of ground.

Georgetown, Pa., May 3, 1887.—I was born in the village of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, O., Nov. 20, 1816. Have not as early recollection as parties I have known. When about five years old I recollect being put on a horse to ride behind my grandfather, Adam Poe, to Wayne county, O., but have no recollection of the journey,and I have no doubt but that I was well taken care of. I have been told by parties that I was his idol among my father's family. I can remember a few happenings of the year I lived with him, before my father moved out to the same place where the town of Congress now stands, in Wayne county, Ohio. Father built a house for his family out of small logs, and split flooring out of logs called puncheons, and hewed them so as to level the floor. When the heat of the summer set in we all took the

flux. As I was taken home, mother being a good nurse, and well posted on the medicinal qualities of herbs growing in the woods, she brought us all through safely.

The following winter father hired a man to bring his family and household goods to Georgetown, which consisted of five children and a scant allowance of household goods; later the family increased to ten children—five boys and five girls. At this writing two of each party are on the shores of time, waiting until our change comes. The spring following father and eldest brother got work with the farmers in the neighborhood. There was not one dollar of money in sight; they were paid in the products of the farm, which kept the inner and outer man on terafirma, and always able for our allowances. When moving back from Wayne county, I was left near my birth place, at my grandfathers, on mother's side of the house. Father came for me the June following and took me with him to lay a night line; was going to bait with worms. Fishing with a night line was different to what it is now: put the hooks on line, dropped the line in the canoe and drop the staging over the side of the canoe; used a gourd for a buoy, and lifted the line every time they looked at it. So while father was getting his line ready in the canoe, he told me to go to a tree he selected, standing under the bank, where there was dry sand, and sand the worms. He wished dry sand put in the vessel containing the worms, but I took them up to the place he showed me, scratched a hole in the sand and buried the worms. He crossed the river before his line, and asked me for the worms. I told him they were on the other side of the river. He was quite angry as he had to make two crossings for the worms.

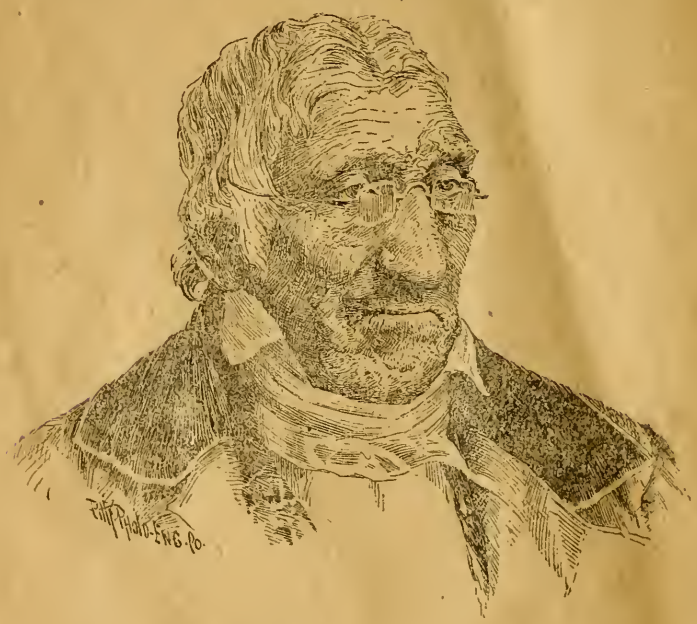
About two years later father agreed to go to Wheeling with his canoe from our place, distance fifth-six miles, for the sum of $1.

Nothing occurred that I can remember except a heavy rain and wind storm at the foot of Brown's Island. We housed in a fisherman's shanty 'till the storm passed over that was six miles above Steubenville. Our diet consisted chiefly of Johnny Cake and meat, as that was the kind of bread the inhabitants of Georgetown lived on and it was really good when gotten up right. It was baked by a wood fire on an oak board. I think if the rising generation lived a little more in that style there would be less doctor bills to pay and people would live longer. My mother was an artist in the way of getting it up right but her earthly career ended some years since and she is now, I trust, reaping her reward for her many good deeds done on earth. I feel rejoiced to know she lived to see prosperity in her family and could have had an easy life had she wished. She raised five sons and five daughters to man and womanhood. We arrived at Wheeling the second day and lodged at Crowley's tavern, near the river, at the upper end of the city wharf. One instance fresh in my memory was a small boy about two years old coming to the river to look at father's craft with the old inn keeper; he was very anxious to have him purchase; he was a little cross eyed and would take the Savior of the world's full name in vain when coaxing his father to purchase his craft. I will stop and think if Abe Crowley is still alive. He was schooled in a very bad element. Keel boatmen and the rough element did a great deal of drinking at Crowle's Inn. A good story was told on Capt. Stone's going up through Merriman's ripple where the channel runs close to the shore. Capt. Stone said to his passengers, "there is a lame man going our way" and called out to him, "will you come on board if I stop for you." "Oh, no," replied the man, "I am in a hurry, thank you."

The last remembrance I have of our canoe trip was the first night out of Wheeling. I got so sleepy I lay down in the bow of the canoe and went to sleep. On arriving at upper end of Wellsburg father landed and carried me out to a flat lying on the shore to get sleeping quarters for the night. The reader will remember a trip occupying near four days with a man and boy, could not pay many hotel bills with one dollar and they were not paid until trip was performed. The next trip I remember was a small raft of logs father had gathered up to take to Mr. Murray's saw mill at Steubenville, Ohio, where they were

beginning to build small steamboat hulls. The recollection I have of the trip was father's running on the Virginia side of Baker's Island, about one mile below Wellsville, Ohio Before the Government built the dam at the head of the island the shallow water was near the foot of the island and very swift. The raft was built of logs in the river. Some of the logs were large and some small and all were round. When the large logs began to come in contact with the bottom of the river they rolled under the small ones. It was a lively time for father and I to keep from getting between the logs and getting crushed or drowned, as David Crockett said of the wagon getting away from the driver or getting out of his control. Going down the Allegheny mountains he was a passenger in the wagon, it being loaded with flour. He said a rat could hardly live, let alone a man. I tell you a fish would have done some good dodging had it been mixed up with father's logs. I have no more remembrance of the trip, only I suppose we rafted them over and took them to Steubenville. The next boating was on a raft of hoop poles. I was about nine years old. We took it to Moundsville, W. Va. One incident I will never forget: father walked home and I trotted after him. When we arrived at the head of the narrows above Kate's rock, father stopped and said to me: I will find the place where Capt. Foreman with his twenty-one men, were buried, waylaid and murdered by the Indians. There was a large quantity of beads found in the path; was supposed by the parties who buried them to belong to the Indians.

Grandfather was a Captain of a fort



ADAM POE THE INDIAN SPY.

below the mouth of Big Yellow creek He was called to help bury them; it was a long distance to go to a funeral, but grandfather had a commission from the government, and had to go when called upon. He had described the place to father, who only spent a few minutes in finding the place. The distance from Yellow Creek is fifty-six miles; remember nothing more of that trip. About 1824 or 1825 there was a

pair of French creek flat boats landed at our village; size to the locks—80 ft. long by 16 ft. wide; made large at that time for transporting coal to the south. My father, Thomas Poe, Sr., hired as a hand to go to Cincinnati at 50 cents per day; there being a sudden rise in the river, boats floated to Cincinnati in four days and nights, so father had $2 wages coming to him,with $4 back pay. Steam-boat passage was scarce at that time; if he had struck a boat it would have cost him about $6, and been ordered around like a dog. At that date boats only burned wood, and it had to be carried often a great distance. Father was well posted with the nearest directions across the State of Ohio, as he had been employed as pack-horse boy for John Beaver and Jos. Larwill in laying out the State, or the eastern part of the State; Father was a good woodman and could tell the direction he wanted to go by the moss on the trees, as moss grows on the north side. He arrived home in about ten days without having spent very much money out of the big pile he left Cincinnati with.

In those days it was the custom in our neighborhood to get your wheat ground and ship it on one of the keel boats that ran in that trade. Most of the farmers were good poling hands. On my first trip I was not big enough to cook, and before starting I procured a broken pole and got it rigged up for service, concluding to be a pole hand. I could reach as low as the old hands, and had no trouble until going up the smooth rock shute at Montgomery's Island, six miles below Beaver, my pole would not reach and in getting down on it the pole slipped and sent me diving to the bottom. An old farmer next me caught me in time to keep the turtles from eating me. In the fall of 1834 father bought an old keel boat called the Return.He renamed her "76". I helped father on that boat some two years and pumped water enough out of her to float a ship. In the fall of 1834 father was at Pittsburg; the river was very low. One of the Beaver county farmers bought an old boat and hired another and loaded the three boats for Wheeling and intermediate landings. The farmer was sharp enough to collect most of the freight bills and left the boats to the care of father, so father bought an old public horse to tow up the empty boats; came to our boat at Warren, Ohio, and found it laying at the bottom of the river. I said to father, "better leave the old boat and go on with two," but he had been drinking and became offended at my words. He was feeling rich at the time and handed me three dollars in silver; I dashed them on the floor; some of the hands present gathered them up and forced them on me as I would have went off with nothing. I saw a steamboat coming up and hailed her at Warren but she would not stop. I was determined to board her, and with that purpose chased her to Beach bottom where she came close enough to send a yawl for me. I got home on the next morning. Mother was sorry I had left father, as she knew I was an important help to him. My two elder brothers came next day from Pittsburg with their boats loaded for Zanesville. Mother coaxed them to take me along. Against I got home father had yielded enough to let mother coax me back to help him. I helped him part of the winter and also bought one of his boats. He layed up for winter quarters at Steubenville. About January there came an open river and I took a crew of hands from our place; borrowed five dollars from my two older brothers to provision the boat for the trip. James Means furnished me with two hundred barrels of flour for my first load. I got up as far as Georgetown (my native place) where I found the river to be frozen up. I hired a sled and hauled my goods to a warehouse. When spring came I loaded up again. I painted the boat over and named her Victory, as I started out to gain a victory or die in the attempt. My first freight trip made $50.25. There came a strong west wind, and we sailed almost all the way to Pittsburg. Paid hands fifty cents per day, about five day's wages, for the whole trip. I cleared about twenty five dollars. Arriving at the city I paid off all but one hand and the cook. I got a load of salt or blooms for the iron mill above Wheeling, and then went up to Wellsburg, W. Va. Called on Farr & Curren, who shipped a great deal of flour to Pittsburg, and when they found my name I certainly was "their boy."They

gave me three loads in succession. When I returned they seemed to take a great interest in my welfare because of my grandfather's history fighting Indians. Phillip Dodridge who penned the first history, was a Wellsburg man. I ran the Victory that season. The Massilon was put in the Wheeling and Pittsburg trade and shut the keel boats out of the business. I sold my boat to some trading parties to load for the South. I found the only chance for me was to hire on a steamboat and learn something that would pay me.

ELIZABETH, WIFE OF ADAM POE, THE INDIAN SPY.

I hired on the first steamer Beaver, built by Charles Stone to tow freight and carry daylight passengers from Beaver Falls to Pittsburg. The boat was about worn out, and Geo. M. Horton took command of her and extended her trips to Wellsville, Ohio. Was running the south side of the river, sixteen miles below Pittsburg, when the boat picked up a snag; broke through the hull, and upended through the fore castle. Boat sank in less than three minutes and had sank to the hurricane deck. The owners wrecked her.

The owners of the Beaver No. 2, put her in the Allegheny river trade, as time passed the Beaver & Pittsburg trade played out. They put Jacob Poe on her as Capt., and at that date there was but two Allegheny steam boat pilots. The steamer New Castle was about the first boat to make a trade in the Allegheny river from Pittsburg to Franklin, Onango Co., Pa. Brother Jacob Poe acted as captain and first pilot, and hired me as an assistant until we got up as far as Kittanning. We heard of a raft pilot there and got him on board. Going up the river he knew little more than ourselves, particularly at night, but was well posted down stream as he had only floated rafts from the head of navigation to the City of Pittsburg. After a few trips James Daugherty got to drinking so much he become a nuisance on the boat and brother paid him off and discharged him. We were getting middleing well posted when an accident happened the boat, which was supplied by cylinder boilers, thirty feet long, eighteen inches in diameter, five doors, about midship of boat, chimneys forward same as a flue boiler. About Montgomery's Falls the engineer, Robert Watterson, as fine a young man as ever turned a throttle

valve on a steamboat on the river, lost sight of the water in the boilers. He set the fireman to removing a pile of coal alongside the boilers to find the check valve.

Original Tomahawk used by Big Foot in his fight with Andrew Poe.

I was off duty at the time, not sleeping very sound on account of the heat. I was immediately over the boilers when I heard a noise like packing blowing out of a cylinder and heard three men scream violently. The boilers had become about dry and were red hot; the steam had burst a hole in the bottom of the boiler and escaped downward badly scalding the three firemen. Had there been much water in the boilers the firemen would have been killed at once. The skin came off the whole body of Michael Watterson, the first engineer's brother, except the palms of his hands; the other two were scalded nearly as bad but good nursing brought them through.

Robert Watterson was employed by the same company and followed the river until he saved money enough to purchase a good farm in Beaver county.

The owners of the Beaver repaired her up, after getting her towed down to the city, and loaded her and her two keel boats for Zanesville with Capt. John May, an old veteran steamboat man, in command. Below the locks at Duncan's Falls the boat got tangled in the ferry rope and the Capt. had to cut it. The boat could not pass through the locks, they being too short, so the freight was taken off the steamboat and loaded on the two keel boats; Capt. May sent brother Jacob and myself, we being experienced keel boatmen, to take the boats up to Zanesville, a distance of ninety miles; the keel boats were loaded so deep that we were forced to load the boat's yawl and tow it along the dam at Taylor'sville locks; the locks are twelve feet high but there was a considerable break in them. We concluded not to lock the empty boat outas we were afraid the ferryman might capture it for cutting his rope; we concluded to jump the dam; I guess if we could have stopped when we neared the dam we would have risked the locks; it was the merriest jump I ever took; all hands sat down and held on to something.

About 1834 I shipped on the Steubenville packet boat; she had three small keel boats; left one at Steubenville and one at Pittsburg; she was built at East Liverpool, O.; she was open hold from forecastle to transom; she had five cylinder boilers twenty feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, fired at the midship of boat and was very hot; came out with Capt. Dick Huston, afterwards the Steubenville owners put Joseph Filson in charge. She had not power enough to answer the trade and was sold.

I shipped on the steamer New Lisbon running between Wellsville, O., and Pittsburg, Pa., carrying day-light passengers and towing keel boats all the time, leaving one at Pittsburg and one at Wellsville. It was the custom for the two deck hands on those small packet boats to dine in the cabin, but Capt. Hamilton Smith began to feel rather proud and had a board for the two deck hands. I did not answer the call and, of course, got no dinner;

Capt. Smith came to me for an excuse and I told him I did not wish to break his rules, he could get plenty of men to dine below, as I was only staging in short trade on account of the fare, and I wished my money as I was going to quit the boat at Georgetown; I had loaned the boat some money to start out on and had some wages coming to me, and the boat did not have enough cash on hand to pay me until she would return from Wellsville; I ate in the cabin the balance of the trip back to the city. When I got to Pittsburg I found a steamer called the Coquette loading for Lafayette, about the head of navigation on the Wabash river; the boat was owned by Aaron Hart and in after years he became one of my river friends; he was a good man; I shall never forget him; I shipped as a deck hand on her. At that time it was thought that a party coming off the Ocean or Lakes was better fitted to command or mate a steamer on the Ohio. Capt. Hart put a Capt. on the Coquette, a fellow (I will not call him a man as I think it requires certain qualifications to make a man) I shall never forget, his name was Fennel and he hailed from Lake Erie and had his own mate along from the same place; after going to work on the boat the mate told me to go back to the after scuttle and get a selvage, I went back to the little hatch but I did not know what a selvage was by that name, I did not wish to lose my standing as a boatman so I told him I couldn't find it; the selvage was made of tarred rope or spun yarn and was used to loop over the head of the spar to push the boat away from the wharf; a selvage would not answer at the wharf in the city as they were crowded with large heavy boats and we had to use large spars and blocks, and for a selvage we used a strong sea-grass rope to fasten block to head of spar. The boat left Pittsburg with John D. Mackall and William Casey as pilots; as they were old keel boat men they knew the river better by day than at night; Mackall had no confidence in himself and would send for me to look out for the heads of islands, as he was from our village and well acquainted with me. That trip was one of the hardest trials of suffering of my life. The boat was narrow and having some deck load it was hard to keep her fair on her bottom, as it was stormy March weather. The boat had about one thousand pounds of chain on a four wheeled truck which my partner and myself had to stand by and haul to the high side of the boat; we were not allowed to go to the fire doors to warm. The Capt. took one of the boat's leads and drove a spike through the line into the jack-staff as high up as he could reach to serve as a plumb-line and gave us orders to stand by and keep the boat trim by it. Nothing unusual happened until arriving at Louisville, Mackall at the wheel, rounded the boat into the mouth of Bear Grass creek; I suppose he was scared, as it was night, and never stopped the engines until the boat lifted herself nearly dry in the mud at the mouth of the creek and came very near running into a produce boat. The mate set a spar and put all the strain on it that the guards of the boat would stand; it was customary at that time for boats to carry very large hawsers to hawser out at hawser hole at the stern of the boat; the mate took it to the shaft and twisted the boat off, leaving the spar sticking in the mud. Nothing out of the usual order of steam boating happened until we reached the mouth of the Wabash river except hard work for us deck hands. In due time we arrived at Lafayette and got all the freight out. The Capt. got a few hundred barrels of flour back. All of us deck hands were entirely worn out and we told the Capt. we were not able to work any more; he showed some humanity by telling us that he would get some laborers to put it on the boat, which he did and we stowed it away. Nothing out of the regular order happened on the return trip, until one night, as the boat was making a very short turn, the chain wagon took a start from the high side of the boat and run under the old fashioned rail, which was about eighteen inches high, and went overboard; as the chain was passed out of the hawser hole and back to the anchor, the chain was safe; we got it to the capstan and hoisted it back on board; we laughed, but our laughing was turned to sorrow for we had to use a two wheeled truck the balance of the trip, which was very hard work.

After getting chain on board, the boat landed and we had to carry wood from off the bank all night and put it in the hold; the pilots did not wish to run, wood was cheap on the Wabash and it only kept us deck hands in steady work to bring it up to the fireman. Now I am nearing a point where I saw the brute acted in full force. Early on Sunday morning we took a wood boat in tow, it had about a dozen darkies on board, at Casyville, Ky., when the boat came up near the town and was in the act of letting the wood boat loose one of the colored men asked the mate if he was going to land and he said yes and the darkie jumped aboard, the boat started to cross over to the Indiana shore and the colored man began to cry and was in great distress, the boat kept on going up the river. Henry Sutten, a pilot that we got at Louisville, came down on the forecastle and took a rope's end and whipped him unmercifully, then Capt. Fennel exhausted his strength on him and tied his hands behind his back and tied him to the capstan and there he stood until evening, when the boat landed at Bradenburg they put him in jail. I stood up for him like a man, although I was only a boy, and contended that the mate told him before he jumped out of the wood boat that he was going to land at the town. I think this trip ended Capt. Fennel's boating on the Ohio river. I suppose he went back to Lake Erie, where he could play sailor on a small scale. I afterwards made a trip on a pair of coal boats from Pittsburg to Louisville, late in the fall, Mackall was pilot and I was a hand, we took passage at Louisville to return home on the deck of the steamer Ontario, we got up the river as far as Letant falls, about midway between Cincinnati and Pittsburg, and on account of considerable floating ice the boat could not stem the falls; on Monday morning we left boat at Graham's Station, two hundred miles from our homes, and started out to try the red limestone mud, it froze and thawed most of the time during the trip, we struck the Ohio river again at the foot of Blaneyhasset island and followed the river the balance of our journey; going through Belpre settlement I was taken with a pain in my right hip joint, I wanted Mackall to go on and leave me, but he would not and instead would urge me to stand up to the work; Mackall was a very good traveling companion, his worst fault was that he drank too much whiskey; he carried a blackbottle that he called "Black Bettie" and at every spring that we came to the bottle came out and I had to sip a little with him; we averaged about thirty-three miles per day. I arrived home on Saturday evening, having made the trip in six days. I afterwards made a trip from Pittsburg to Louisville on the steamer Norfolk; nothing out of the usual order happened on this trip excepting hard work, as boats in those days had to be washed and scrubbed every morning from hurricane deck to forecastle; and the water had to be drawn from the river in buckets; William Leonard was pilot, he afterward piloted boats from St. Louis to New Orleans. My next trip as deck hand was from Pittsburg to St. Louis on the steamer Dolphin, commanded by Capt. Carmack, who was a perfect gentleman; William McDonald was the mate, and a very clever man he was; every man had to be at his post. McDonald soon after became a pilot in the Cincinnati and Pittsburg trade. At the falls there was only about six feet of water, and as the boat drew more than that she began to roll and tumble over the rocks long before she came to the worst part of the channel; looking forward we could see the waves running high; I thought she could not go over without sinking; I was born with the gift of taking danger coolly, and to take the best plan for the preservation of my own life; I was standing near the mate on the forecastle, at every roll of the boat he would swear a big oath, and as I watched his face I could see that he was alarmed; so I spoke to my partner, Thomas Madden, that there was danger; a lot of gang planks were lying by the guards and I got Thomas to take one end of a plank and I took the other, thinking that if the boat did sink that the plank would carry us ashore; when the boat got over the mate found the braces that held the cabin up over the boilers all removed from their places; at that time there were timbers across the boilers and short posts were used to

hold the cabin off the boilers. Nothing more occurred until one night another party came on board that was not recorded among the boat's list of passengers; it was mixed up among a large family that was going West, and was taken charge of by a large daughter and son-in-law, and everything went all right until the boat arrived at St. Louis. At that date it was common for boats to carry pine lumber to St. Louis; there was a large pile on the forecastle about fifteen feet high; as soon as the boat was made fast to the wharf the mate told us to carry the lumber ashore; it was raining hard, but there was no chance to get out of it; reader think of a man going to his bed, when he only had a pine board to lay on, with scarcely any covering and the water dripping from his clothes, with no fire and nothing to dry them except the heat from his body; such was the trials of river boatmen at that time.

In 1836 keel boating was good, and I got a boat built; I called her the Brazil No. 4, and run her in the Wheeling trade; the last low-water trip in the fall I got good prices, and got all the dry goods I could carry in the boat; the tonnage of boats then was about fifty tons; I could not get a crew of hands sufficient to handle the boat and at Raccoon bar, below Reaver, she got badly aground, early in the morning; myself and one man waded ashore and at Two-mile ferry we hired a lighter; it took nearly all day to get the boat afloat; it rained hard most of the time; we started out near evening; the wind commenced to blow from the West and it began to get cold; we beat against the wind until we came to a small house at the head of Montgomery island, where we stopped for shelter, and to get our clothing dry; I had stood at the helm until I was chilled to the heart; they had a large wood fire where we warmed ourselves, and it seemed the happiest moment of my life; it is necessary for one to suffer to appreciate real comfort. The next trouble we had was at the foot of Babb's island, above East Liverpool; there came a snow storm which drove the boat out of the channel; she stuck badly on a rock; the hands got into the river and tried to pry her off; when we got to Wheeling my brother came down the river with the old steamer Beaver; as she was a light tow boat he hired my boat; I cleared two hundred dollars on my trip; I kept my boat under charter until winter, and then closed her out.

About 1837 my brother and myself had a keel boat for low water in the Wheeling trade; in the latter part of the summer I purchased a quarter section of land in Missouri; brother said he would take care of our interests in the boat, so I started out to find my land; I could think of no better way, so I hired out on one of the large keel boats that carried dry-goods to Louisville; at Louisville I found the steamer Massillion going to St. Louis; I took deck passage, and had a good time, as I fell in with some Kentuckians, who were also going West to look for land; the boat was crowded, both in the cabin and on deck, with passengers; John Day was captain and Alexander Forsyth, his old keel boat clerk, was mate; Forsyth afterward pushed a deck hand overboard into the canal at Louisville; the man was drowned; Forsyth went up to his room and put on a broad brimed hat and walked off the boat and escaped to Pittsburg; he was never punished for the crime; he afterward married, and bought a few acres of land in Beaver county at the head of Crow's island. Forsyth was Capt. Day's right hand man, as Day could not read and would have to ask the name of boats that were passing. At St. Louis I found a small boat bound for the Missouri river, commanded by Capt. Kyser, an old veteran captain on that river, who had a boat called the Shawnee; the water was too low for her and he chartered a lighter boat, called the Izora; I took deck passage on this boat; as usual the boat layed up every night to clean the boilers, as mud valves were not used then. My destination was Glasgow, Missouri; I showed my patent for my land and was directed to go seven miles back in the country, and call on Esq. Bradford, who could give me all the information about my land, as he was an old surveyor; I stayed with him that night and found that the land almost joined his and also that it had been sold for taxes; next day I went to Keytsville, the county seat, but got no information as to who

owned the tax-title to my land; I arrived back at Esq. Bradford's the same evening; the Squire had no wife; lived in a log cabin, and had an old colored woman keeping house for him; he had plenty of bacon and honey, and she made corn bread nicely. Next day the Squire surveyed my land; got two men to carry chain, and another old man came to see it done, and in talking with me said: "The Squire was a good man; and if it was not for the family of quarter blood children, that he was raising by a yellow woman, who lived on his farm in another house, he could be elected to any office in the county." I had to go back to Jefferson City to find out who owned the tax-title to my land; I walked to Glasgow, and took a stage that ran from Glasgow to Fu ton, the latter place being about twenty miles from Jefferson City, which distance I had to walk, as there was no conveyance; I had to cross Howard and Boone counties; a gentleman pointed out to me the place where Daniel Boone lived and died. About night I came to a farm house; a man and his wife and hired man were the only occupants; they took me in and treated me kindly; I was still seven miles from Jefferson City, which I reached the next day; I got my business done and got ready for the next steamer that came down, which was the Zora; I took a deck passage for St. Louis; soon after leaving Jefferson City the boat ran on a sand bar; the mate sperard the boat across the river and while at dinner the sand washed out from under the boat; every man was at his post; the pilot discovered that the channel had gone over to the West side of the river; while running down a small channel the pilot saw a pile of logs ahead and stopped the engines; the boat got cross-wise in the channel and ran upon the pile of logs until the pipes that took water for the boilers came out of the water; no water could be got into the boilers; the only way the boat could be got off was to run a hawser ashore; although it was very dangerous in the yawl, I thought it best to get as far away from the boilers as possible; so I volunteered to help take the hawser ashore; they soon pulled the boat off, and we got to St. Louis all right. At St. Louis I hired out as deck hand on a steam boat called the Maine, bound for Cincinnati; all went well until the boat got to Flint island, where the boat got aground.

In the summer of 1840 I shipped as mate on the steamboat Orleans; she ran between Pittsburg and Louisville. R. S. Langham was captain, Hart Darragh clerk, Monroe and William Hart engineers, and Charles Rankin and Benjamin Wilson were pilots. The boat did not answer her helm very well and the pilots missed the channel often, and when the boat got aground I had to spar her off with an old-fashioned hand capstan. The Orleans was the first boat that the pump called a "doctor" was used on; it was used for supplying the boilers with water when the engines were not running, on side wheeled boats; stern wheeled boats were better of as they could uncouple the engines and pump water to the boilers whenever it was necessary to do so. The "doctor" was an oscillating cylinder with a flywheel about four feet in diameter and would very often stop of its own accord and we would have to lift it over the center. About the same day that Vicksburg was so perfectly blown away, a storm struck the Orleans as she was nearing the Kentucky shore, at the head of Twelve-mile island, above Louisville, Ky.; she headed for the Indiana shore, and as the boat was light she listed until the upper guards were under water; the pilot did not stop the engines until she ran against the bank and forced herself between two trees so tight that we had to cut one of them to get the boat loose after the storm had blown over.

The same fall my brother and myself bought a small keel boat and loaded it with goods for the Forkadeer river; as a pilot I was the only one who had been as far down the Ohio river as Cairo. We bought a book called the Western Pilot; ran by it as well as we could; got near where the Forkadeer empties into the Mississippi; we landed on the Arkansas side, and made inquiry as to how far it was to Hales' Point; had hard work getting up Forkadeer river; first three days saw no person on the shores; first landing was at the widow Ferral's ferry, five miles from Dyersburgh; done some trading

with the Dyersburgh merchants. We went up the river to Chestnut Bluff, where we put our goods in a house and sold our keel boat for one hundred dollars to a noted gambler; he gave us a fifty dollar note; brother and Potts started home; when they got to Louisville the note was pronounced counterfeit, and he returned it to me by mail. I allowed him to take the boat down to the widow's ferry, and he promised again a certain time to pay the other fifty dollars; so when the counterfeit note came to hand, I started for the ferry in haste; I walked the ten miles in two hours and a half; the boat of the gambler and widow and family were out of my reach; some parties thought they had gone to White River, Arkansas. I got some colored men to hew me out some gunwales and I had saved some pine boards out of the keel boat, and I built a small flat to carry our household goods to the Mississippi river; got passage on the Helen Kirkman, bound for Nashville; had to get off at Smithland; got passage on the Sciota, bound for Louisville; took passage to Cincinnati on mail boat Ben Franklin, and at Cincinnati took passage on the Richmond, and stopped at East Liverpool, and walked to Georgetown where I resided.

The same spring my three brothers and myself bought the old tow boat Falstom had. Two keel boats that we used for freight furnished the cabin for passengers. The fall following we built engines for her. Three years after I built the steamer Financier, for the purpose of carrying freight and passengers in low water between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Afterwards sold her to Capt. Wm. Kountz.

I ran the Cinderella four months and cleared eight thousand dollars; I then sold my half of the boat and quit the river; tried farming and found it an uphill business; built Financier No. 2 and ran her three years; built the Royal Arch and sold her, and then built the steamer Ella. The railroads had spoiled the low water business between Pittsburg and Cincinnati, but rates were high for freight and passengers from Cincinnati to St. Louis. I left Pittsburg without any freight to run between Cincinnati and St. Louis, got as far down as Coxes' ripple, near Wellsburg, W. Va., got aground and gave it up for about month, then there came a heavy rain that raised the river at that point and floated the boat off the bar. I gathered up part of a crew and started down the river; the boat rubbed the river bottom through every ripple until we came to Blanerhasset island; there so much sand had washed upon the bar at the foot of the island, that there was six inches less water than the boat drew; I hired a man with oxen and scraped and dug a channel through the bar, and got to Cincinnati all right, and got plenty of freight and passengers for St. Louis at high prices; we took on all the freight that we could carry on the water; nothing out of the usual order of boating in low water occurred until we arrived at Paducah, where we took on board six southern gentlemen, who bore the title of doctors and whose destination was New York; they had got off a heavy boat on account of low water; they had to return by the way of St. Louis; their business was to negotiate for the building of a railroad through the South, having in view the transportation of soldiers should the country be assailed. The first night after passing Paducah another passenger came on board and the passengers told Mr. Wilder and his wife that they must name him after the captain, so the little stranger was named Adam Poe Wilder; all went well and we landed Adam and his mother eight miles below St. Louis, and I have never seen or heard from Adam since.

The next spring I took a load of freight and passengers on the Ella for the upper Missouri, destination Galena and Dubuque; at Evansville we took on a tramp who had but one dollar and fifty cents; the clerk let him help the cooks for the balance of his passage; having no cargo to put out at St. Louis, we landed at the upper end of the wharf, and as the river was bank full the current was running pretty strong; while taking on our pilots and stores a lady let her infant child fall from her arms into the river; the brave old tramp jumped into the water and caught the child before it sank; I heard the racket in time to see him make the wharf some ten feet above two barges that were moored below our boat, where he and the child were pulled out of the river all right. Noth-

ing else out of the usual order occurred until we arrived at Keokuck, where we had to take out some two hundred tons of freight to lighten our boat so that we could get her over the rapids. Mr. Hines furnished lighter boats and towed them over the rapids with his light tow boat. At Montrose I was told that the tramp and another deck passenger had died while crossing the rapids; at Montrose we applied for permission to bury them but the authorities would not allow it, thinking that they had died of cholera; laborers would not help us reload our freight from the lighters, and even the thieves, for which Montrose was noted, did not make their appearance. The carpenter made two rough boxes and we put them in and took them over to a low island and buried them. Inoverhauling the tramp's baggage it was found that he was on his way to visit his sister at Comanche, Iowa, to which point his baggage was sent together with an account of his d-ath.

Built the Belfast No. 2 and ran her one year on the Wabash river and to Galena and Dubuque; she was a success; sold her and built the Neptune; ran her about two years; she had many misfortunes and drawbacks and was not a success; sold her at the breaking out of the Rebellion, and followed piloting while the war lasted. After the war closed I bought the stern-wheeled steamer America and lost money with her, ran her one year and sold her; laid still for awhile then built a light boat and called her after the great Wyandotte chief Bigfoot; a party from Florida wanted to buy one-half, I took his notes for five thousand dollars, which proved to be only worth the paper on which they were written; we loaded the boat for New Orleans, arrived there and discharged our cargo and fitted our boat to stand the storms of the gulf by having a pair of large braces put under the cabin floor and six pairs of rope twisters hawsered around the hull and roof chimneys cut off at the top of boat, and boilers twisted down to the hull.

It was called eighty miles from the mouth of the Missisippi to the Chandeliers islands; we left the Mississippi early in the morning, and about thre o'clock the pilot said there was a storm approaching and told us to get up all the steam we could or we would be caught where we could not get anchorage; I had three barrels of oil on board for the boat's use; I drew oil in a bucket and oiled the coal to help her make steam; when we reached the mouth of what is called Missisippi sound, about seven miles from the Chandeliers, the old pilot came down stairs and said we are all safe now and dropped the lead over and found about five fathoms of water; not over five minutes after the storm struck us; we had hired a very large anchor at New Orleans; we bent on the hawser, and the boat drifted so fast that it was with great difficulty that we got a turn on the bits; we also cast the boat's anchor and took comforts from the beds and wraped the hawsers for fear they would get chafed rubbing over the bulwarks; we lay there sixty hours; if the cables had parted the boat would not have lived five minutes. The old pilot, the engineer and the pilot's son had our large yawl boat provisioned and an axe in it, the axe to be used no doubt in keeping others out; they had the Irish chambermaid seated on the cabin floor all of the first night; it was almost impossible to keep on your feet; I was forced to sell out a loss of about $10,000; went home in very low spirits. I am still living, and feel satisfied, but feel like General Grant when he saw the child in the river; I wish to see the outcome of my history.

The last trip I made on the river was on the steamer Annie Roberts, Captain Alaback, commander; he landed his boat at Georgetown; I was at the river repairing a skiff; the captain was not feeling very well. He wanted some one to assist him at the wheel; when we reached Louisville, Kentucky, a number of my old acquaintances came on board. I did not do the captain as much good on our upward trip, having taken a felon on my thumb.

ADAM POE, Sr.

[THE END.]